

Tales of the Philes I:This Ship Has Hit an Iceberg

by Jaimee

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Summary: Why a shipper and a noromo should never get together.

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Title - Tales of the Philes I: This 'Ship Has Hit an Iceberg

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Rating - G

Classification - SH

Spoilers - The characters make references to certain events and episodes that might give stuff away to some people...the episodes are The Host, Home, Millennium, Detour, Post-Modern Prometheus, and Sixth Extinction (1 & 2)

Keywords - none

Summary - Why a shipper and a noromo should never get together.

Disclaimer: I really hate these. I'm not even going to write one this time. So there! ::sticks her tongue out at all the nasty greedy FOX execs who have better things to do with their time than read little pieces of fanfic and sue the writers::

Author's notes: A shipper myself, it was really hard to argue a noromo's side of the argument, so my apologies to all you noromos out there who feel mis-represented. I think both of my characters are

pretty extreme, or at least extremely easily ticked off.
:)

****December 17****

****8:02 p.m.****

Sandy McAlister walked into the crowded restaurant, her slender heels clicking on the hardwood floor as she straightened the black purse that dangled from her shoulder. She glanced around the room, her sparkling gaze sweeping across the tables.

Not seeing who she was looking for, Sandy leaned over to the uniform-clad woman standing by the door and said, "Hi, I've got a reservation...I think it's under 'Camoras'," she finished as the woman pursed her lips and flipped through the reservation book.

"Camoras...C...C..." the woman muttered under her breath. "Camoras. It's C-a-m-o-r-a-s?"

"That's right," Sandy confirmed, smiling suddenly.

The woman eyed her sharply for a second, then opened her thin lips. "Right this way, please." She gestured in the direction of a dimly lit table for two. Sandy smiled brightly again and followed the woman to the table.

She slid in the chair, smoothing her short black dress as she sat. A waiter came over and asked what she'd have to drink. She told him she'd just start out with a glass of water and he went away. Sandy looked at the small candle flickering on the table for a minute, then glanced over to the door.

Not here yet, she thought.

She turned back around and removed a small beige compact from her purse. She flipped it open and checked her face. Her short red hair nicely framed her slender face, and glossy claret lips smiled at her reflection. She snapped the case closed and slid it back into the pocketbook.

"Hey there."

Sandy spun around to see a handsome man standing behind her.
"Mark!"

"Hi," he said, smiling. He sat across from Sandy, his parted bangs falling slightly across his forehead before he pushed them away.
"Sorry I'm late."

"Oh, don't worry about it," Sandy said quickly. "I only had time to get water."

Mark nodded, relieved he hadn't kept her waiting very long, and signaled the waiter. "Wine?" Mark asked Sandy in a playfully low voice. She nodded. "White, please. Your choice."

"We'll have your finest white wine," Mark told the waiter, raising his eyebrows at Sandy with a smile tugging at the corner of his

mouth. The waiter nodded and walked away.

"So," Mark asked, "How's it going?"

"Good," she answered, eyes sparkling. "I've had a good week."

Mark nodded. "I'm glad...mine hasn't been going too well, I'm sorry to say."

"Oh?"

"Yeah...Sunday was a pretty bad day and it just got worse from there." Mark remembered himself. "But, hey, let's not talk about that. Let's talk about...you." He smiled admiringly. Sandy blushed at the compliment and took a sip of water.

"I don't know why," Mark continued in the same light tone, "But you seem really familiar to me."

"Really? Because you do too." She tilted her head, mildly curious. "That's odd...I mean, it's only our second date."

Sandy was quiet and Mark fell to studying her face. She glanced up to see him admiring her and blushed. He caught her look and glanced down, smiling as he did so.

Suddenly Sandy remembered. "I know who you remind me of!"

"Who?" he asked, interested.

"Well...um...this is going to sound silly. But...um...you remind me of Agent Mulder...you know, on 'The X-Files?'"

Mark's eyes lit up. "Hey, I love that show! You watch it?"

Sandy grinned. "I love it! Don't laugh...but I actually tape the episodes every Sunday."

"I thought I was the only one who did that!" She shook her head enthusiastically. "Wow! So have you missed taping any episodes?" he continued.

"Only two...um...'Elegy' and 'The Host'."

"Ooooh...the flukeman!" he grinned.

Sandy laughed. "What's your favorite episode?"

"Mmmmmmm...I'd have to go with 'Home'," he said, smiling wickedly.

She shivered. "You know, I can never hear that Johnny Mathis song now without thinking about insane inbreds smashing apart skulls."

He winced appreciatively. "How 'bout your favorite?"

"Hands down: Millennium. You know, the one that was on this last Sunday. I just love the really shippy ones." She smiled at the memory. "What'd you think of that?"

"You mean...you mean the kiss?" he asked, looking closely at her.

"Yeah! Wasn't it great? They have _got_ to get together."

He stared at her, looking slightly confused. "Wait -- wait a minute. You mean...you're a shipper?"

Her smile faded. "Yeah, I am. You have a problem with that?" He frowned and looked away, visibly disappointed. Sandy stared at him. "Oh. I get it. You're a _noromo_, right?" Her tone conveyed open disgust.

He looked up, angry. "I am." She looked away and sighed angrily. "I don't believe this," Mark continued in the same disbelieving tone. "How could my friend fix me up with a _shipper?!_"

Sandy slammed her hands down on the table. "Look, there is nothing wrong with being a shipper. You have to admit their relationship has changed over the years; they're just trying to hide their feelings by not admitting they love each other. It's not right. How can you people possibly think this is how the relationship should stay? Or did you miss the tension in Detour...or Post-Modern Prometheus...or Sixth Extinction? You can't deny that they're heading for some sort of a relationship beyond friendship --"

"But the friendship is what makes the show so good...the trust, the professionalism --"

Sandy stood up. "Listen. I agree with you on that, but it's time for them to move beyond it. Neither of them should go through life as lonely as they would be without each other. And I think I should go."

Mark stood up as well, throwing his wadded-up napkin on the table. "Frankly, I agree. I don't think I could go out with an actual admitted shipper."

Her jaw dropped. "I don't think I could go out with someone as intolerant as you."

"And I couldn't go out with someone who actually _enjoyed_ the Millennium kiss."

She drew herself up to her full height and gave Mark a chilly stare. "Thanks for the _water_," she said sarcastically. She picked up her purse and strode out, her heels clicking heatedly on the smooth floor as she left.

Mark stared angrily after her, feeling disgusted with himself for sitting at the same table with a shipper.

The waiter wisely decided not to bother Mark with the bottle of wine and scuttled back to the kitchen.

End
file.